1684

THE TEMPLE-OGE BALLAD.

What Guards the Purity of melting Maids——
——When kind Occaſions prompt their warm Deſires,
When Muſick ſoftens, and when Dancing fires.

POPE's Rape of the Lock

By Richard Pocock

K. Phe Lau Throsos. Pseud. 4h

RATHFARNAM:

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THE DEDICATION.

To the worthy Manager Mr. B—ſ—n.

SIR,

AS all the dancing Ladies go thro' your Hands, to their reſpective Partners, you are the propereſt Perſon to Speak a good Word in favour of the following Song, and it's Author. You may aſſure them, that there is not one Poetical Fiction in the whole; nothing but Sincerity and Truth, can properly make a Rhyme. I have only to inform you, that the Characters of the few Ladies mentioned in it, were done by a Gentleman, an Admirer of the whole Sex; and the Portraiture of the Gentlemen, by ſome young Ladies, that are ſo ſingular as not to value a Man, for his Lace-Coat and fine Wig; and I am confident, they are too much Men of Gallantry, not to take the Satyr of a Woman for a Complement; and not to think they are the moſt in Favour, that are moſt unmercifully us'd; with this Turn of Mind, I expect their Thanks for publiſhing the higheſt Encomiums a Lady could poſſibly give, if we take things Ironically,

I am, Sir,

Your moſt Obedient,

Humble Servant,

PHILANTROPOS.

THE

THE *Temple-Oge* BALLAD.

written by Richard Poekrich

To the Tune of, To you fair Ladies now at Land, &c.

I.

YE *Dublin Ladies* that attend,
This Place of Mirth and Fame,
My Song, or Praiſe or Diſcommend,
As you approve my Theme.
'Tis you, that make the *Poet* Sing;
The Subject's but a trivial thing.
With a Fal, lal, la,

II.

Thoſe *Damſels* that were us'd of late,
To riſe when ſome had Din'd,
Now leave their Toilets pleaſing Seat,
For Air that's unconfin'd;
On * *Mondays* riſe by Six—O ſtrange!
What ſtubborn Hearts can't Muſick change? With a Fal, &c.

III.

At Breakfaſt what a Buze is made,
What Scandal runs about;
What him, and her, and they, have ſaid,
Or who's that, that went out.

Such

* The Day the Company meet at the Well.

Still Pressing round each Table fly;
For the Worst Truth, there's Ten a—, *With a Fal, &c.*

IV.

The *Cockswomes* that officious wait,
With Kettles in their Hands,
Affect Walk about from Seat to Seat,
To see who 'tis Commands;
If Smiles won't Pay for all their Pain,
† Another time *the Rest they'll gain*, *With a Fal, &c.*

V.

The Fiddles now with sprightly Grace,
Invite them to the Jigg,
And Pleasure sparkles in each Face;
With their own Praise they're big,
A Captive Heart or two must fall,
To *Clive's* Share—or none at all, *With a Fal, &c.*

VI.

The ‡ RIVAL QUEENS, with equal Charms,
Attract the Standers Eyes,
And strike the Soul with wild Alarms,
Of Love and deep Surprize;
‡ *Yet raise, by their prevailing Art,*
The sharpest Wish in th' truest Heart, *With a Fal, &c.*

VII.

How pleasant 'tis to View the Fair?
How sweetly we are caught?
With gentle Smiles they spread their Snare,
We're their's, as soon as thought.
Who can withstand when ¶ *W——mys's* Face *Wemys*
Heightens the *Lustre* of the Place. *With a Fal, &c.*

VIII.

The greatest Crime 'twould be to miss,
A celebrated *Feast*,
In former Ages—as in this,
She'll be *Hibernia's* Boast; Miss

† The Songster speaks of a Few. ‡ Miss *Pe—f—er* and Miss *Ve—y*, two Lady's equally Amiable.
‡ *Waller*. ¶ Miss *Molly W—ys*, nothing inferior to the above Ladies, and is said by the best Judges to excell them in an agreeable Smile.

Miss ‖ *Wh—te* for ever, then must shine,
Whilst we revere all that's Divine. *With a Fal, &c.*

IX.

Miss *Sm—y* whose Exploits renown'd, *Smedley*
Have run where Fame can go:
With Bays full oft she has been Crown'd,
And prais'd from Top to Toe;
She Loves a *Soldier*'s honest Name,
By the * MAJOR, she acquir'd Fame. *With a Fal, &c.*

X.

Oh could the Muse her Shape but Span,
And shew her Brilliant Eyes,
But that no Human Creature can
Behold them but he Dies.
¶ *Bless'd as th' Immortal Gods is he,*
The Youth who fondly sits by thee. *With a Fal, &c.*

XI.

When all prepare their Legs to Prance,
Each Sex in Rows apart;
They long to blend them in the Dance,
And shew their hopping Art;
A Tune they want, and can't agree,
** *Moll* bids them play, ‡ The best in THREE.
With a Fal, &c.

XII.

Thrice happy † *Lee*, whose forming Hands
First taught her the Coupee,
Which e'ry Heart at once Commands;
She owes her Fame to thee,

‖ Miss *Judith W—te*, a Lady whom the severest Criticks acknowledge a Patern of Beauty and good Sense.

* The MAJOR is a celebrated Dance, which Mr. *Sm—y* Performs to Perfection. ¶ *Vide* Spectator, [illegible] from the French. ** *Moll*, or *Molly* is what her Mother calls her. ‡ The best in THREE; is a [illegible] Country-Dance.

† Mr. *Lee* is a noted little Dancing-Master, who has the good Fortune to Initiate this Lady in the Rudiments

To thee, the grateful Muſes ſing,
For raiſing ſuch a pretty thing. *With a Fal, &c.*

XIII.

To ſhift the Scene and Paint the Men,
And eke the * Beaus alſo;
O Muſe prepare thy flowing Pen,
With Juſtice let it glow.
To Laſh at *Vice*, but *Honour* Praiſe,
Be that the Subject of thy Lays. *With a Fal, &c.*
‡ * * *

No more the Vacuum ſhall confound,
Search but his Head, the Vacuum's found.

XVI. *With a Fal, &c.*

The *Freakiſh* Knight with ſplendid Dreſs,
(If Wh——s don't Interpoſe)
Is there by Eight, his Sight to bleſs,
With Girls that Charms diſcloſe.
‖ No Wonder he the Dance declin'd;
His Bones were not too cloſe combin'd. *With a Fal, &c.*

XVII.

Fain would my Song more Courtly grow,
When † *F——ſ——ter* I name, *Forſter*
With *Wit* like his to overflow
My Lines, and raiſe my Fame.
Words are too feeble to Rehearſe
Sufficient Praiſe for him in Verſe. *With a Fal, &c.*

XVIII

The Smoak of Vice will ſoon infect
A Youth, tho' well inclin'd,
Their glowing Blood, they ſhould Correct,
Their Intellectuals mind.
I ſpeak to ‡ *B——y——le* and *H——pſon* to, *Boyle Hopſon*
You ſhou'd your Parts with warmth purſue.

XIX. *With a Fal, &c.*

My Brother *Bard* whoſe honeſt Heart,
¶ Still props our falling State, *Brown* And

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very Moment, eſpecially when he is at a Loſs what to ſay. ‖ Theſe Lines bear an Analogy to a Verſe by an obſcure Author, in the Epiſtle from *Altamont* to *Caſſio*.

Take Care then Driver, move but ſlowly on,
For by one Jolt the Peer may be undone.

† To beſtow juſt Praiſe is the Quality of a true Critick.

‡ Theſe are two young Gentlemen every way agreeable, and have very good Senſe, but are liable, by the Company they keep, to Degenerate; this is a Friendly Admonition, and I hope they will be ſenſible of it.

¶ 'Tis not to be doubted, but the publick Spirit which Mr. *B——wn* expreſſes in his Writings, on the Affairs of our poor Country, has, in a great Meaſure, pre-

And strives with Judgment and
T' avert impending Fate:
Who Spends so much, so little
Just Honour claims, for all his

XX.

To him || O *Temple-Oge*, is due
Thy Praise and Fame rest
Had he not been thy *Patron* Tr
Thy WELL had ne'er be
Thy *Waters* might have silent
Nor yet by him, nor me be Su

XXI.

His Fluent Speech runs smooth
Each Word is fraught wit
The Powder'd Fops, are piqu
With Fops he must Disper
B—*win*'s an Exception to Old
That Men of Sense can't herd wit

XXII.

Ye *Dublin Girls* whose thoughts
Incline ye to be Blind,
Whose Knowledge ends in br
These my last Sayings mis
Where Fops unnumber'd pay their
Let not your pretty Girls resort.

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prevented, and still continues
Purposes fram'd by wicked M

|| This Gentleman was the
Well, and is as constant Exp
as agreeable as may be. He
thing can Contribute more to
among us, than the Number
Entertain them with.

† *Vide* his *Temple-Oge* Intel

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FIN

ment and with Art,
g Fate:
so little gains,
r all his Pains. *With a Fal, &c.*

XX.

e, is due
ame renown'd;
ation True,
l ne'er been found:
ve silent sprung,
me be Sung. † *With a Fal, &c.*

XXI.

ns smoothly out,
ught with Sense:
are piqu'd no doubt,
alt Dispence.
n to Old Rules;
t herd with Fools. With a Fal. &c.

XXII.

e thoughtless Souls,
e Blind,
nds in brimming Bowls,
ying mind:
d pay their Court,
ls resort. With a Fal. &c.

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continues to prevent, many evil
vicked M—rs for our Ruin.
was the first Encourager of this
ent Expence in making the Place
be. He is fully convinc'd that no-
more to keep our Country-men
Number of Polite Diversions to

Oge Intelligencer.

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